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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack is at his desk working on a dinosaur egg excavation kit. Liz walks in, elated. She does a dumb 'I'm Cool' dance.

LIZ

Aw yeah! I'm cool! I'm the man!

Liz approaches Jack. He doesn't look up, but pretends to listen while he works.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(joyful)

Oprah's featuring me on her Master Class show tonight! Because I'm a successful female executive in comedy. I'm going to talk about supervising men and how to read the male mind to manage effectively!

Jack remains absorbed with his dig.

JACK

(absentmindedly)

Of course there's nothing wrong with eating a whole chicken. Maybe he lost your number. Yes, everyone is so weird and annoying.

LIZ

Jack, you're not even listening.

Jack puts a finishing touch on his egg and acknowledges Liz.

JACK

Sorry, Lemon. I have a lot going on today. Power lunch at one; before that, Avery and I are meeting with prospective suitors for Liddy. My favorite candidate is a dinophile. I'm going to present him with this fossilized Brontosaurus egg.

Jack holds the egg up for Liz to admire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ

Suitors? Liddy's a baby.

Jack takes the egg back from Liz and brushes it gingerly.

JACK

We're getting everything in place for Liddy now. We've picked out her daycare, her business school, her eating disorder therapist. Betrothals are a thing again. Among the conservative elite.

LIZ

Betrothing Liddy is nuts. First of all, who knows if she'll even like the guy when she's older. Maybe she won't even like guys! Would you be okay with that?

JACK

There's nothing wrong with being gay. I just believe that it's a choice and it's contagious.

Liz sighs and exits.

JACK (CONT'D)

Congratulations on your thing you said.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Liz enters as TOOFER and LUTZ laugh loudly at something FRANK'S saying. The guys don't notice Liz's entrance.

FRANK

Exactly! It's The Sequence, bro-ski!

Liz walks up to them and smiles. The guys immediately cut the laughs and turn to her, serious.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey Liz.

LIZ

What's 'The Sequence'?

Silence. Liz tries again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

LUTZ
(obviously lying)
Toofer...sharted.

TOOFER
Harvard men do not shart.

The guys all give Toofer the stink eye. Toofer gets it.

TOOFER (CONT'D)
Oh...yes, the shart! What an
uproarious happenstance.

Lutz laughs loudly. No one else does. Lutz is scared.

LIZ
What's with you guys? Come on, you
think I won't think it's funny? I
told you, I like rape jokes now!
(in caveman voice)
Woman. You no clean cave. I will
rape you-

FRANK
That's really insensitive, Liz.

No one says anything.

LIZ
Well, I have some great news. I'm
gonna be on Oprah's Master Class
tonight! I'm a master at reading
the male mind and managing men!

Frank turns to the guys and, under his breath, releases a string of obscenities. The bad words are BLEEPED OUT for the TV audience.

FRANK
Oprah's sequence: BLEEP BLEEP
BLEEP mouth.

The guys laugh, then abruptly fall silent as Liz stares.

LIZ
(disgusted, freaked
out)
What's 'Oprah's Sequence'?

The guys freeze her out again. She tries a different tactic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZ (CONT'D)

Lutz, I'll let you braid my hair.

Lutz gets excited and starts to crack.

LUTZ

Well...

(ignoring guys'
stinkeye)

'The Sequence' is this thing guys--

A small pretzel rod (like a poisoned reed, James Bond-style) pierces Lutz's neck. He cries like a baby.

ANGLE ON MYSTERIOUS MAN IN FEDORA walking away in hallway.

PETE

(harsh, to Lutz)

That's right baby, cry.

Lutz cries, rubs his neck and eats the offending pretzel.

LIZ

Fine. If you guys want to keep this little secret among yourselves, I'm mature enough to handle it.

(calling to office)

Cerie! Let's order lunch from that raw food place you love!

The GUYS gasp.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(gravely, to guys)

Every day.

(rethinking)

Until Friday.

LUTZ

(terrified)

But it's Wednesday!!

The guys FREAK. Lutz hyperventilates. Toofer gives him a paper bag to blow into. Pete stabs his pen between his fingers. Frank takes Liz aside.

FRANK

(sighing, resigned)

There's this thing called The Sequence. Every guy knows about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's the ideal sequence for where you put your thing during sex. The standard is BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP mouth.

LIZ

What do you mean, every guy? I know guys, just ask Oprah. Not all guys know about that.

FRANK

Yes, they do.

Liz looks back to guys, who are still freaking.

LUTZ

(crying on Toofer)
No veggies for baby.

TOOFER

Shh...Mommy's here.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Jenna intercepts Liz, spritzing some perfume on her. Liz, caught off guard, gags.

JENNA

Do you like it, Liz? It's my debut fragrance, 'Tryst'.

LIZ

(spitting, retching)
Ugh, it tastes like chlorine.

JENNA

That would be the wolf semen.

LIZ

Jenna, why are you releasing a perfume? Isn't that career move reserved for talentless skanks who need a follow-up to their sex tape?

JENNA

Yes! Which is why what I'm doing is so revolutionary: I'm releasing my fragrance before my sex tape!

LIZ

You're releasing a sex tape?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA

As part of a promotional campaign for the fragrance! All I need is one of Tracy's hot basketball celebrity friends to do me.

LIZ

Jenna, think about this. Once you release that thing, anyone could see it! Little kids surfing the web! Sex offenders, terrorists-

JENNA

(thrilled)

Maybe Muhammed-al-Nassim will see it and want to hook up again! He was so full of hate...

Liz rolls her eyes, then spies Pete walking down the hall and corners him.

LIZ

Pete. Do you know what 'The Sequence' is?

Pete is shaken, but recovers quickly.

PETE

You mean...the sequence in which you do nice things for your wife, like clean the garage and take a cold shower to dampen your sexual impulses because it's not leap year?

LIZ

You only have sex on leap year?

PETE

It keeps things fresh.

(glazing over)

I'm satisfied, really. Change is pain. Please don't leave me.

Liz shakes Pete and he snaps out of it.

LIZ

Come on, Pete. What's the big deal about this Sequence thing?

PETE

Where did you hear about this?

LIZ

Frank told me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pete considers, relents.

PETE
(to himself)
He will know pain.

LIZ
Just tell me.

PETE
It's BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP mouth.

Pete walks away. Liz is unnerved: Et tu, Pete?

CUT TO:

JACK'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Avery sits on the couch as Jack paces in front of her. She grills him rapid-fire on questions the suitors might ask.

AVERY
What are Liddy's favorite words?

JACK
Mama, Baba, small government.

AVERY
Favorite fairy tale?

JACK
Global warming.

Avery nervously fixes her hair and power suit.

JACK (CONT'D)
Avery. Relax. I've got this.

AVERY
It's just that Rupert Murdoch's great-grandson would be such a fabulous son-in-law--

JACK
True, but think of how lucky he'd be to get Liddy. The first female CFO to oversee a multibillion dollar oil conglomerate.

Jack sexily traces Avery's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
Spearhead of the 2040 Republican
campaign to reinstitute a national
death penalty and increase carbon
emissions.

Jack looks at Avery lustily and kisses her neck.

AVERY
(gasping)
Do you have a condom?

JACK
You're off the pill?

AVERY
It was messing with my hormones. I
saw an NBC 'Living Green' ad and I
didn't laugh.

JACK
Never take those drugs again.

Avery looks at her watch.

AVERY
Oh no! I'm late for a meeting with
my producer--something about
losing thirty pounds--meet you in
the limo?

Jack nods warmly and kisses her.

AVERY (CONT'D)
And you got that dinosaur cookie
Bobby's obsessed with, right?

JACK
Of course I did.

Avery kisses him and leaves. Jack panics.

JACK (CONT'D)
Jonathan!

Jonathan enters wearing a neck pillow and carrying
luggage.

JONATHAN
(nodding to stuff)
My grandmother's on her deathbed,
but the flight to Mumbai leaves--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
 (ignoring this)
 Get me a dinosaur cookie from that
 bakery downtown.

JONATHAN
 (frantic)
 Which bakery?

JACK
 I don't know. Go!

Jonathan, horrified, dashes out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Liz walks up to Tracy. He's flanked by Grizz and Dotcom.

LIZ
 Hey Trey, what's 'The Sequence'?

Again, and always, Liz hears the obscene words while the audience hears BLEEPED out words.

TRACY
BLEEP BLEEP mouth BLEEP ear BLEEP
 tiger mouth.

Liz looks at Grizz and Dot Com.

DOTCOM
 (to Liz)
 He shouldn't be so open.

Liz sees SEEBAS, the JANITOR, mopping and approaches him.

LIZ
 Excuse me, Seebas--

Seebas is enraged when he notices Liz.

SEEBAS
 I know it was you who broke the
 vending machine. You push the
 buttons so frantically, with such
 desperation--

LIZ
 I'm sorry about that-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEEBAS

What void in your life makes you push the buttons so?

LIZ

Seebas, do you know 'The Sequence'?

SEEBAS

Sorry?

LIZ

The Seq--hah!
(thrilled)
Never mind! You don't know it! As it should be!

Liz turns to go.

SEEBAS

You mean BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP virgin mouth?

Liz cringes. Then she has an epiphany: Kenneth! She corners him at his page desk.

LIZ

Kenneth, I have something very important to ask you.

KENNETH

Is the vending machine broken again? I don't know who kicks the buttons in, but they wear size 9 orthopaedic shoes.

LIZ

No Kenneth. I'm just wondering if you know about 'The Sequence'.

KENNETH

The what now?

LIZ

The Sequence.

KENNETH

Is that a television show?

Liz breathes a sigh of relief.

LIZ

Never mind! Good, sweet, fresh-faced, loving--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENNETH

Because I assume you're not
talking about BLEEP BLEEP cousin
mouth BLEEP cow hole.

Liz freezes.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack paces his office as he talks to Jonathan on his
cell.

JACK

It's not a dragon, Jonathan! That
can't be the right cookie.

Liz bursts into Jack's office.

LIZ

How come every guy knows about
'The Sequence' and I've never even
heard about it?

Jack is taken aback.

JACK

(into cell)
Call me back when you find a blue
Stegasaurus.
(to Liz, gravely)
Who told you about this?

LIZ

I've worked with these guys for
six years, how could I have never
heard about something even Kenneth
knows?! Is there a whole secret
'Man World' or something that I
don't know about?!

Jack whistles, tries to brush off the question.

JACK

So, what are you doing this
weekend?

Liz grabs Jack's lapels and strong-arms him into the
wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ

I'm going on Oprah's Master Class that airs Tuesdays on the OWN network at 10pm EST/7 pm PST because she thinks I'm a master manager. She thinks it's because I know men. I won't let Oprah down, Jack. Now tell me what you know!

Jack, scared, closes the office door and faces Liz.

JACK

Trust me Lemon, you don't want to look behind the curtain.

LIZ

But I've worked with guys for fifteen years! My entire career has been based on witty, searing observational comedy-

With a look, Liz dares Jack to defy this. He looks away.

LIZ (CONT'D)

How can I not know about something as big as this?! Tell me about Man World, please!

JACK

You've already heard too much. Now leave me. I have to find a stupid dinosaur cookie for Bobby Murdoch or Avery's going to withhold post-sex bonding!

Liz perks up.

LIZ

Did you say dinosaur cookie?
(off his nod)
With hyper-realistic dinosaur proportions and facial detailing?

Liz pulls a white pastry box out of her sweatshirt. She opens the box and shows Jack the BLUE STEGASAUROS. Jack is joyful.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I wanted to be a paleontologist until sixth grade. And I consider icing a protein substitute. I'll give it to you if you tell me about Man World.

Jack is tempted, but pulls back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

I can't. I could be shot.

Liz thinks, then tries a new angle:

LIZ

Let me come to that power lunch with you today! Undercover! I'll get wardrobe to give me a man-makeover! Let me see Man World from the inside!

Jonathan runs into the office, panting and sweaty.

JONATHAN

I tried....no cookie...Avery in limo...aggressive.

JACK

Did she speak in the third person?

Jonathan, gasping for breath, nods 'yes'.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh God.

(to Liz)

Fine, you've left me no choice.

Jack grabs the box from Liz.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Liz)

We leave at a quarter to one.

Jack dashes out of the office. Jonathan, doubled over and holding the door for support, catches his breath.

LIZ

I'm having a great day!

JONATHAN

I will never see my grandmother alive again.

Liz pats Jonathan awkwardly and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Jenna sits with Tracy, Grizz, and Dotcom.

TRACY

I hear you have a favor to ask of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA

I want you to produce a sex tape of me and one of your hot basketball celebrity-friends to promote Tryst, my new fragrance.

TRACY

No problem. When do you want to schedule this?

JENNA

Is tonight a possibility?

Tracy drums his fingers together, thinking.

DOTCOM

Jenna, as a friend, can I make a recommendation?

JENNA

We're friends? That's fabulous! Not just because you're black and I've been accused of being a white supremacist, but for other reasons as well.

Dotcom sighs, Grizz rolls his eyes.

DOT COM

Sex tapes are serious business. You don't want to put something on the internet that could cause you a lifetime of regret.

GRIZZ

I should know. I used to be a motivational dancer for Mordechai's Party Zone, and Melanie Katz put her Bat Mitzvah party footage on Vimeo. I do look a fool.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOTEL BAT MITZVAH PARTY - TEN YEARS AGO

GRIZZ, wearing a flashy dancer's SUIT, motivates thirteen-year-olds to dance to WILL SMITH'S 'GETTIN' JIGGY WIT IT'.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

TRACY

What did I say about flashbacks?

Grizz and Dotcom exchange tired looks.

GRIZZ

A well-crafted joke set in the present moment is always the stronger choice.

Tracy looks at Grizz: "That's right."

TRACY

(to Jenna)

Who were you thinking of casting?

JENNA

I was hoping you could ask one of your super famous athlete friends, like La-Ron James?

TRACY

(nodding sagely)

La-Ron would shine here.

Jenna squeals and hugs Tracy.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Such nachas.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - A LITTLE LATER

Jack and Avery sit in the car. Avery fidgets nervously.

JACK

So which young gentleman are we seeing first?

AVERY

Terrence Bankhead. His Dad's CEO of JP Morgan. They're both heavy hitters.

Avery nervously adjusts her clothes and hair.

AVERY (CONT'D)

(worried)

Do I look like a Polish escort channeling Calista Gingrich?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(reassuring)

Yes.

Avery sighs with relief.

JACK (CONT'D)
Avery, why are you acting like
we're a couple of junior execs who
met at Penn?

AVERY
The asscrack of the Ivies.

JACK
(pulling her to him)
Darling, we're alphas.
(prodding her
knowingly)
Aren't you the gal who pulled
Anderson Cooper's pants down and
made everyone on your desk laugh?

AVERY
(melting)
Yes. I just want Liddy to have the
best--

JACK
Don't worry. She will.

All of a sudden, Avery freaks.

AVERY
The cookie! The dinosaur cookie!
Did you--

Jack, uber-suave, produces the box. Avery kisses him
passionately. Jack is pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRENCE BANKHEAD BROWNSTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Avery walk into a fancy upper-east-side FOYER. A
JAMAICAN MAID in traditional uniform greets them.

MAID
Are ya here to see Mista Terrence?

JACK
Yes, we're the Donagheys, on
behalf of Liddy Jessup Dongahey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack gives Avery a winning squeeze. Avery smiles brightly.

MAID

He's been expecting you.

The maid leads them into a living room. TERRENCE, 8, colors on a coffee table.

MAID (CONT'D)

Mista Terry, what I tell you 'bout coloring on ya daddy's files?

ANGLE ON FILES: The text 'INSIDER TRADING STUFF WE DO' is covered with crayon scrawls. Jack and Avery peer at the file but the maid catches them. They play it cool, lamely.

MAID (CONT'D)

I'll leave ya three alone. The Bankheads are sorry to miss you. Mrs. Bankhead's in the storage unit shredding documents and Mr. Bankhead is now living in Mexico under the name Paul Jervis.

Jack and Avery smile understandingly and the maid exits. They sit down on the couch opposite Terry.

AVERY

It's so nice to meet you, Terry. We were hoping we could ask you some questions about-

TERRY

I don't know anything about the Picasso, and I think Mommy took it to be cleaned.

Jack and Avery take this in.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH'S DESK- A LITTLE LATER

Liz approaches Kenneth's desk

LIZ

Tell me about your secret world.

KENNETH

There's a troll named Rodney who lives under my bed. He teaches me things.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNETH (CONT'D)
 (nervous)
 For a price.

LIZ
 I'm talking about Man World.

KENNETH
 Ms. Lemon, I can't discuss that.

LIZ
 Listen, Parcell. TGS is on the
 line here. Jack's taking me
 undercover and I need you to prep
 me so I don't blow it.

Kenneth hesitates and Liz pulls him in close to her.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Do it for TGS.

Kenneth gulps.

KENNETH
 Alright. One thing I can tell you
 about Man World is this: every man
 has an unconscious tic when they
 pass a lady that shows whether or
 not they'd like to...make her
 their wife. They bite their lips
 ever so subtly if they want to wed
 her.

Liz looks doubtful. Kenneth nods gravely.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liz fixes her hair and pinches her cheeks.

LIZ
 Okay, let's see if Kenneth's
 actually a part of Man World.

Liz walks down the hall, where she passes a BUNCH OF
 GUYS. None of them bite their lips. Liz looks confused.

Cerie starts walking down the hall. Liz watches as ALL OF
 THE GUYS bite their lips as she passes.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Oh. Well, sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liz then sees Kenneth walk down the hall. A COUPLE OF THE GUYS bite their lips as he passes.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 (considering)
 Well, statistically, yeah-

Lutz walks down the hallway and sees the DONUT on Kenneth's desk. Lutz BITES HIS LIPS as he passes the DONUT.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - LATER

Kenneth and Liz sit on a bench. Kenneth wears a trench coat with the collar pulled up. Kenneth looks around stealthily.

KENNETH
 Okay Ms. Lemon, here goes. Are you familiar with the Virgin/Slut/Smarty/Normal-One archetypes popularized by the hit television show *Sex and the City*?

LIZ
 Uh, yeah.

KENNETH
 Which one are you?

LIZ
 (suddenly girly)
 Well you might think oh, Miranda definitely, because I'm like normal-person hot but TV-mediocre, but I actually feel like I have parts of them all inside of me.
 (confesses)
 I really like Samanth--

KENNETH
 (bored)
 Men can also be divided into four types. Listen closely, for I will only say this once. The four types of men are Pirate, Spy, Caveman and Warlock.

Liz takes in the MEN walking around outside. She sees Frank and Toofer arguing heatedly by a HOT DOG CART.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
 Watch and learn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly Frank grabs a large bottle of MUSTARD from the cart and tries to hit Toofer with it. The frame freezes and CAVEMAN flashes underneath Frank.

Toofer distracts Frank by doing a weird hand gesture, producing a cloud of smoke. Freeze frame on Toofer: WARLOCK.

Lutz crouches behind a garbage can, spying on the action (freeze frame: SPY) and Pete knocks a couple of Vitamin Waters into his bag from off the cart's display case, a parrot on his shoulder (freeze frame: PIRATE).

LIZ

How did I never notice this?!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SUITOR # 2 JEFFREY DALEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jack and Avery sit in 8-year-old JEFFREY DALEY'S living room. JEFFREY is plump.

JACK

It certainly is nice to finally meet you, Jeffrey. You know, I love using your father's Al Gore locator app so I never miss an opportunity to point and laugh at him.

JEFFREY

Thanks. I like the one that lets you figure out what kind of whale you'd be, depending on your personality.

Jack and Avery laugh politely.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I'm a Narwhale.

AVERY

That does sound like a useful app, Jeffrey. Let me ask you this: I hear you're interested in law--

JEFFREY

Whales. We will talk of whales.

Jack and Avery exchange a look: weird.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - LATER

Liz bursts into Pete's office and find him looking at his computer. He scrambles dramatically to close the window.

PETE

(scared, frantic)
Nothing!

LIZ

This isn't about your doll porn.

Pete closes the window on his computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

(nervous)

Oh. Hah. My doll porn. Right...

Liz pulls an eye-patch over her eye.

LIZ

(pirate accent)

I know ye can help me, matey.

PETE

(horrified)

Who told you?!

LIZ

Look Pete, you gotta help me. I need to know more about Man World!

PETE

Why should I betray my brothers?

Liz holds up a single printout sheet.

LIZ

You forgot to clear your search history last week. I didn't even know had that many holes-

PETE

Please!

Pete lunges for the printout. Liz lets him grab it.

PETE (CONT'D)

(begrudgingly)

Okay, one tip. If you ever need to confuse and distract a man, say these words: "Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom."

LIZ

"Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom"?

Pete is momentarily distracted. His eyes glaze over.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Pete?

PETE

Wha?

LIZ

Wow, that really works.

Pete snaps back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETE

Yeah. That, or--wait, I have to
wrote this one out.

Pete winces as he writes something on a piece of paper.
He hands it to Liz.

LIZ

(reading paper)
"Uterine lining"?

Pete winces, hands balled up in disgust.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Got it.

Liz makes her fingers into a hook shape and tries to
shake Pete's hand.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Arrrgh, matey!

PETE

Get out.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Tracy, Jenna, Grizz, Dotcom and La-Ron James sit and eat
from a party tray.

LA-RON

I'm flattered you thought of me
for this.

JENNA

You would bring so much to this
project.

TRACY

Does a six p.m. call work for you?

LA-RON

I was hoping we could take care of
this now.

TRACY

Jenna?

JENNA

We can use my dressing room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

Excellent.

GRIZZ

Here are your running orders.

Grizz hands Jenna and La-Ron copies of the running order.

JENNA

I said I don't do no anal.

DOTCOM

Did you mean that as a negation
expressed in the urban vernacular,
or was that just a careless double
negative?

JENNA

The latter.
(to La-Ron)
I'm into butt stuff.

LA-RON

Very well.
(perusing R.O.)
This looks pretty standard.

TRACY

We're looking at a leak date of
June ninth with full saturation by
the eleventh.

Jenna nods enthusiastically.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - LATER

Avery sits in the car while Jack talks to her from
outside.

AVERY

I'm so sorry, Jack. My stupid
producer moved the meeting up, and
I've got to throw up my lunch
before I get there.

JACK

Don't worry. I'll be fine on my
own.

They kiss and the limo drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY MURDOCH III OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, 10, mature, leads Jack into his office. It's decorated like an English club.

BOBBY
Sit, Donaghey, please.

JACK
(taken off guard)
Thanks...Murdoch.

BOBBY
Call me Robert.

Jack is flustered, but tries to grab back power:

JACK
(handing over gifts)
One of your favorite
pastries...and an extremely rare
fossilized Brontosaurus egg.

Bobby examines the Brontosaurus egg with an expert's eye, then does the same for the cookie. He nods approvingly.

BOBBY
Now, Liddy. Where will she attend
school?

JACK
Spence, Yale undergrad, an
academically pointless but
sexually awakening semester abroad
in Toulouse, and Harvard Business.

BOBBY
Is she still in the babbling
stage?

JACK
She's almost through it.

BOBBY
Can she sit up unattended?

JACK
Yes; briefly.

BOBBY
I need to see a photograph of the
mother.

Slightly annoyed, Jack hands Bobby his iPhone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Her genes speak well for her. Your
wife is... very tasty.

JACK
(pleased, but angry)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Jenna walks up to Liz.

JENNA
How's my makeup? I'm about to
shoot my fragrance-promotion sex
tape and I don't want to look
tacky.

LIZ
It looks fine.
(secretive)
Listen. Can I talk to you? It's
really important.

JENNA
I told you, Liz: you push the
applicator up and into--

LIZ
It's not about tampons.

Jenna looks doubtful.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(whispering)
There's something called 'Man
World'. When they think we don't
notice men do all this weird stuff-

Jenna moves closer to Liz.

JENNA
Oh my God, Liz. Do you know how
lucky you are to be one of us?
There are only a handful of women
who know about this.
(anxious)
Have you told Cerie?

LIZ
Cerie? What? No--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA

Good. The women who possess this information are very powerful. We guard it from other women, because we hate them.

LIZ

I'm so glad you know about it too!
(raises her arm)
Sistas!

Jenna smiles wanly, embarrassed at Liz's outburst, and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROBE - CONTINUOUS

Liz sits in a chair, stares at herself in the mirror.

LIZ

Man makeover time.

Liz notices a FEDORA on the makeup counter and puts it on. She sees a fake moustache and puts it on too, mugs for the mirror for a second, then checks her WATCH, glances at the BATHROOM, and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liz exits the bathroom, still wearing the hat and moustache. She walks back to wardrobe. Jenna approaches Liz, not recognizing her.

JENNA

Excuse me, sir? The vending machine is out of coconut water.

LIZ

Jenna, it's me!

JENNA

Sorry, have we met?

Liz takes off the hat and moustache and reveals herself to Jenna. Jenna is astounded.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Liz?!

Liz has an Aha! moment:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ

Screw the makeover. I'm going to
that lunch as is!

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY MURDOCH III OFFICE - LATER

Bobby pours Jack some grape juice and makes a toast.

BOBBY

To my union with Liddy. I can't
wait until she's of a certain age.

JACK

You know, you're a very mature,
masculine child. You remind me of
myself at your age.

BOBBY

Thank you.

Jack considers the kid and goes out on a limb:

JACK

Do you know 'The Sequence'?

BOBBY

BLEEP BLEEP blanket BLEEP
juicebox.

Jack sets his grapejuice down and stands, incensed.

JACK

I think I came... prematurely.

BOBBY

At your age that must be tiresome.

JACK

(fed up)
Give me that egg back.

BOBBY

Take it back and I'll say you
touched me.

Jack is terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - LATER

Jack hurries over to a table surrounded by SIX MIDDLE-AGED MEN IN POWER SUITS. Liz, in her fedora disguise, is seated with them. Jack addresses the leader, DUKE, 50's.

JACK

Sorry I'm late. I was waiting for my colleague. He had to cancel.

DUKE

But your colleague is already here.

Duke nods to Liz. Jack looks confused.

JACK

Sorry, have we met?

The men laugh. Liz lifts the hat up quickly. Jack gets it. Duke starts speaking in a weird language. Subtitles appear.

DUKE

Hai nee omnius max alto
turthah rumlaus kahn.

DUKE (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

It's excellent you all
found the time to be here
today.

Liz turns her eyes frantically to Jack. He leans over to her.

JACK (CONT'D)

He's talking in Man. Must have big news.

A waiter approaches the table.

LIZ

(instinctively)
Iced tea.

The men exchange weird looks. Jack intervenes.

DUKE

Hea nee hin chaun umlausk
deo maximo trepabidoba.

JACK

He means, he'd like his
steak rare. Like us all.

Liz nods.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Tracy, Grizz and Dotcom watch as Jenna and La-Ron (offscreen) moan.

TRACY

Cut!

Jenna immediately reverts to a business-like tone.

JENNA

And you can airbrush my back fat?

TRACY

Absolutely.

Dotcom looks doubtfully at the monitor.

LA-RON

Could I get some bottles for my wife and girlfriend?

Jenna is shocked.

JENNA

(sweetly)

Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - LATER

Liz and the men tuck into their steaks - with their hands.

DUKE

Nimcho hai maxu blunto nei
nah deis reia.

(SUBTITLE)

I just want to get this out
of the way. Lucille and I
are getting a divorce.

Jack swallows hard. The rest of the guys are impassive. Liz knocks Jack's spoon off the table; they meet to pick it up.

LIZ

What did he say?!

DUKE

(in English)

I just...

Liz and Jack pop back up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE (CONT'D)
 ...wanted to let you all know
 that. She left me. Twenty eight
 years.

(fighting back
 emotion)

That's all.

The men avoid eye contact with each other. It's awkward.

LIZ
 That must be so hard. Do you want
 to talk about it?

Jack spits up his food in a COUGHING FIT. The other guys
 at the table look at her suspiciously.

GUY 1
 Talk about it?

GUY 2
 Are you insane?

Jack kicks Liz under the table.

JACK
 Run.

Liz gets up and starts to run--it's an exaggerated DAINTY
 GIRL RUN.

GUY 3
 Woman! Get her!

Liz jumps over a chair but is intercepted by GUY 2. He
 tries to wrestle her to the floor--just as she
 remembers...

LIZ
 Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom!

Like a cartoon dog, GUY 2 swings his head around in an
 attempt to find these things. Meanwhile, Liz sees the
 guys circling Jack menacingly. Liz runs to his rescue.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 (to everyone)
 Uterine lining! My uterine
 lining's falling out--help me--

Guys wince, double over and bunch their palms in disgust.
 Liz makes her getaway from the restaurant with Jack in
 tow.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Tracy hosts a leak party for the sex tape. His apartment is decked out with a disco ball, buffet and beautiful people.

TRACY

Commence leakage!

Dotcom clicks on a link but it loads a clip from TGS. Dotcom and Grizz try troubleshooting it. Jenna rushes up to Tracy.

JENNA

What's going on here?

DOTCOM

I cannot believe this happened. It looks like we uploaded the wrong footage. And neither of us has the original tape.

JENNA

You mean this sex tape is just going to stay between me and my lover? Oh hell no.

Jenna runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

A disheveled Jack plops down next to Avery, who is dozing in bed. The TV's on.

JACK

It's too soon to think about Liddy's marriage, Avery. Men are disgusting. And they're emotionally unavailable.

AVERY

(dozing)
That's nice...

Jack pats Avery's hand.

JACK

I don't know what man I actually want my daughter to end up with. You know, Avery, the more I think about it...the more I just want Liddy to grow up to be like--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
 (noticing her on TV)
 Lemon?!

CUT TO:

INT. OWN STUDIOS - THAT NIGHT

Liz sits with Oprah on a bare stage. Liz holds court.

OPRAH
 (stifling a yawn)
 I didn't know candy corn had a ten
 year shelf life, no.

LIZ
 Yup Oprah, it's true. But as I was
 saying, just remember: Pirates,
 Warlocks, Cavemen and Spies.

OPRAH
 Thanks for sharing these ground-
 breaking findings, Liz.
 For those of you who don't know,
 TGS is a rare bastion of feminism
 in the world of TV comedy. Let's
 roll a clip.

Liz and Oprah turn to watch the clip. To both of their
 horror, it is Jenna's sex tape.

INTERCUT WITH:

JENNA'S SEX TAPE

Jenna theatrically sprays TRYST on herself and then drops
 her robe. Her extensions are out of control.

LA-RON
 Wow...you have a lot of hair.

JENNA
 It's all natural.
 (to La-Ron)
 Let's wheelbarrow so I can
 emphasize my tramp stamp.

La-Ron gets behind Jenna and into wheelbarrow position,
 while Jenna makes grotesquely sexy faces at the camera.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OWN STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

LIZ

This was a parody we did... To highlight the iniquity of marketing tactics for wom--

OPRAH

This is an outrage.

The tape freezes on a particularly gross frame. Liz panics.

LIZ

Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom!

OPRAH

(shocked)

Are you trying to come on my show and out me as a man?

LIZ

No! I'm just trying to tell you about my secret findings so you can navigate Man World!

OPRAH

Bitch, I run Man World.

Liz panics. She throws up her fist.

LIZ

Sistas!

Oprah looks pissed.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(frantic)

I mean, like, not just in a black way! It's not a color thing, it's just a girl thing! Girl power!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAG

INT. BOBBY MURDOCH III'S OFFICE- THAT NIGHT.

Suitors Bobby, Terry and Jeffrey surf the web. Suddenly a pornographic video pops up: it's Jenna's sex tape.

TERRY

Woah!

JEFFREY

What is this? I thought we were going to look at live whale cams.

BOBBY

Haven't you guys ever seen this stuff before?

TERRY

No...

Bobby enlarges the image and the boys' jaws drop.

BOBBY

It's a promotional sex tape for a new fragrance.

Jeffrey cocks his head, trying to make sense of the image.

JEFFREY

I didn't know the human back could carry fat like that. It's similar to how sperm whales store blubber.

TERRY

I thought this was only something dads do with their personal assistants.

BOBBY

No way. Sex can be used to promote products, too.

TERRY

You know so much, Bobby.

BOBBY

Do you guys know about 'The Sequence'?

The boys, enthralled, shake their heads 'no'. Bobby smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

END OF EPISODE